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Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the meadows.
Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing
Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river."

"The Monk of Casal-Maggiore" is perhaps as pleasing as any. It is an amusing story charmingly told.

The main value of the book, however, lies in the few shorter poems at the end, in which the poet bids farewell, as it were, to his readers, comparing this collection of his poems to the last gathering of the rowen by the farmer. Every one knows the little poem, but we cannot help quoting it once more.

AFTERMATH.

When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

The gentle pathos of this is of something the same sort that is expressed in the "Fata Morgana," and "The Haunted Chamber," and "The Meeting," which is a tender melancholy far removed from gloomy repining.

All of Mr. Longfellow's admirers, that is to say all of his readers, will gladly receive this volume, which, if it lacks great poems, contains the same simplicity, sweetness, and calm trustfulness that have made him always welcome with those who are sensitive to the softer charms of verse.

6. — *Poems*. By W. D. HOWELLS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.
1873.

MR. HOWELLS'S delightful prose works have won him so many admirers, who have keenly appreciated his delicate humor, his subtle drawing of character, and the charms of his style, that we cannot

help being glad that he has seen fit to republish a volume of his earlier poems. The reader will find very much the same qualities which have made his other writings so attractive; there is the more than masculine, almost feminine, touch to be found in some, with which "A Chance Acquaintance" and "Their Wedding Journey" have made us familiar, as, for instance, in "Before the Gate," and which makes us willing to overlook the slight ruggedness of the metre. In "Bopeep: A Pastoral" we have an old story gracefully told, and with more merriment than we might be prepared to find in connection with some of the poems which, we take it, were among the earliest of the author, for in many places we trace that influence of Heine which is apt to grow less potent as one grows older.

One of the most pleasing is "The First Cricket," which we quote at length:—

"Ah me! is it then true that the year has waxed unto waning,
And that so soon must remain nothing but lapse and decay,—
Earliest cricket, that out of the midsummer midnight complaining,
All the faint summer in me takest with subtle dismay?

"Though thou bringest no dream of frost to the flowers that slumber,
Though no tree for its leaves, doomed of thy voice, maketh moan,
Yet with th' unconscious earth's boded evil my soul thou dost cumber,
And in the year's lost youth makest me still lose my own.

"Answerest thou, that when nights of December are blackest and bleakest,
And when the fervid grate feigns me a May in my room,
And by my hearthstone gay, as now sad in my garden, thou creakest,—
Thou wilt again give me all,—dew and fragrance and bloom?

"Nay, little poet! full many a cricket I have that is willing,
If I but take him down out of his place on my shelf,
Me blither lays to sing than the blithest known to thy shrilling,
Full of the rapture of life, May, morn, hope, and — himself:

"Leaving me only the sadder; for never one of my singers
Lures back the bee to his feast, calls back the bird to his tree.
Hast thou no art can make me believe, while the summer yet lingers,
Better than bloom that has been red leaf and sere that must be?"

With this should be compared "In Earliest Spring." Very impressive is "Forlorn," descriptive of the sufferings of a bereaved heart. We are sure that all who know Mr. Howells's prose writings will be glad to read this volume of his verses.